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THE TECH.

# COLD FACTS.

An ordinary thermometer is almost worthless. It is so small that you can only see it upon close examination, and this makes it not the servant of your daily needs, but a minister to your occasional curiosity.

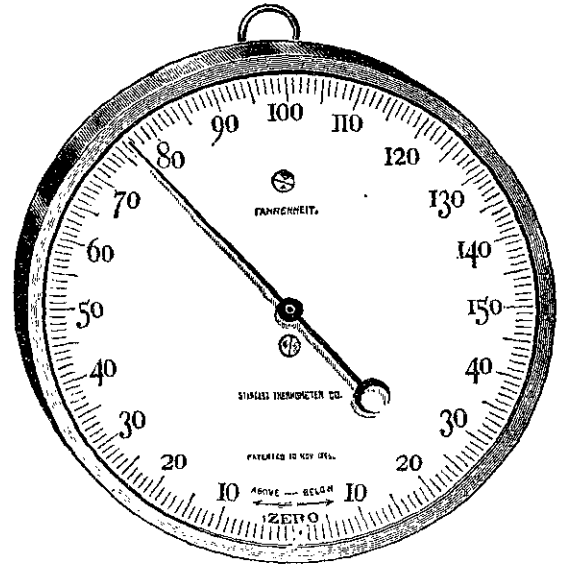
It is of use only when you see it. How often is that? You never see it until uncomfortably reminded by your condition. Really, your own body is the thermometer you are using, and it is an expensive one to use.

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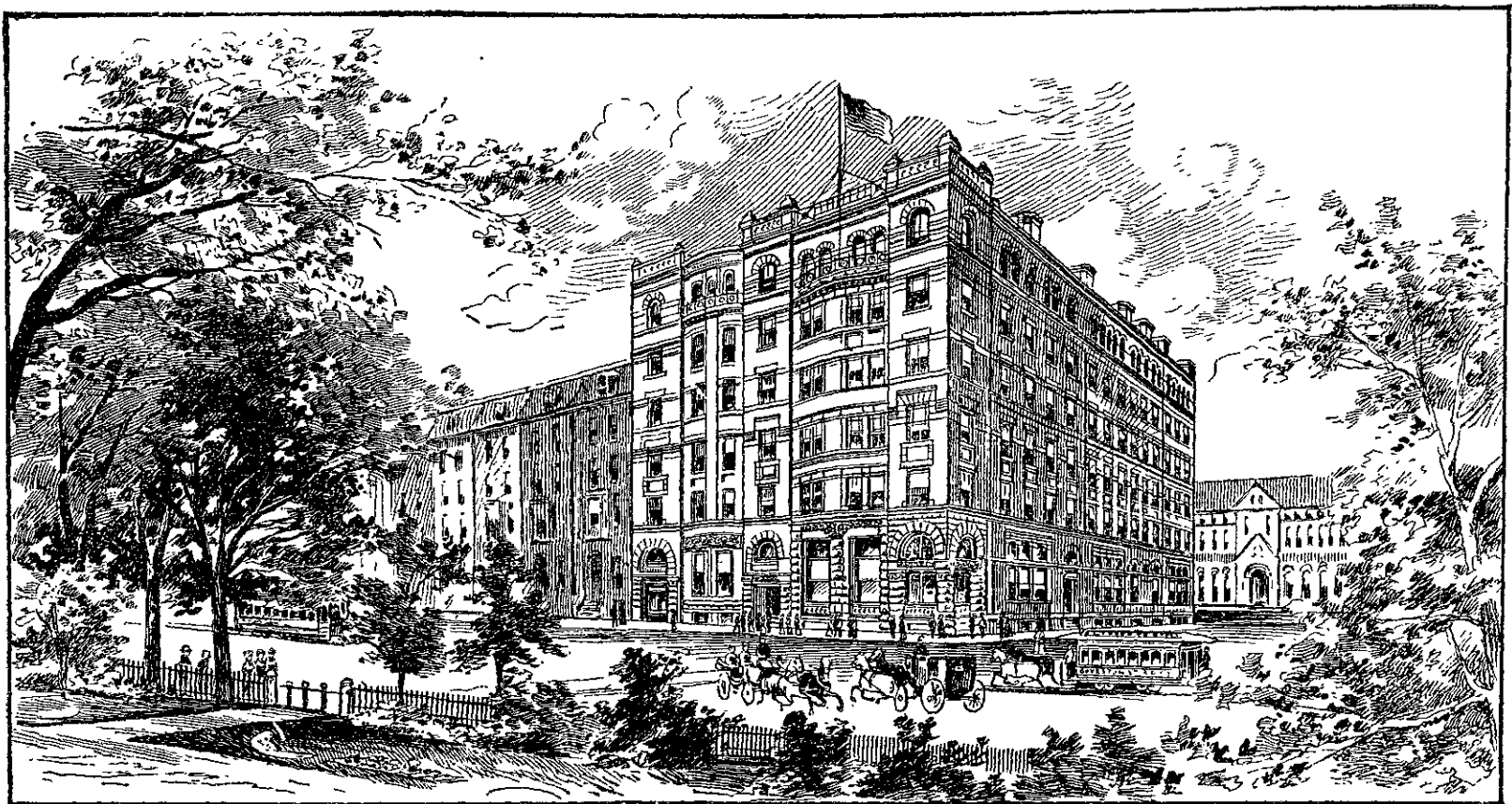
Half of all sickness begins with a cold. Stop the cold and the sickness is arrested. One cold stopped more than pays for the thermometer.

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# The Tech.

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## THE TECH.

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THE Tech. man who has got beyond his Freshman year cannot but admit that class spirit is a thing largely lacking at the Institute. Not class rivalry, of which often the less the better, but a de-

sire to be in touch with the class, and a readiness to encourage its enterprises, that is of equal advantage to the class and to the individual.

What per cent of any class is present at its meetings? How many that are able attend their class suppers or theatre parties, when, at rare intervals, they have the opportunity? Never so many as stay away. If a team is put in the field to represent the class, does it receive prompt and general support? Is not oftener the idea of it abandoned from a fore-

knowledge of the apathy that it must encounter?

The classes here are large, it is true, and so distributed among the departments, that students in different courses meet infrequently, sometimes not at all. These are serious obstacles, but not fatal ones. Class duties are neither so exacting or expensive as to give a reasonable excuse for neglecting them.

Go to your class meetings and have a voice in them; if you have something to growl over, don't wait until after adjournment. If you vote for a supper attend it, and don't vote against it unless you have a reason. Give your class team a hearty support, although you are not a candidate for it. In short if you belong to a class, make a note of it, and avail yourself of your privileges as a member

IT is very much to be regretted that we cannot recognize the action of the Harvard Athletic Association in allowing Tech. men to compete in their games by entering a representative Tech. tug-of-war team in their meeting next week. For four years Technology has had the reputation of having the strongest four among the colleges, and it is very unfortunate that we cannot endeavor to still further convince the outside world of the fact by trying for victory at the Harvard meeting. But the circumstances of the case are such that it is now impossible to get together a team who would do us justice. The anchor who has so successfully represented Tech. in all of her recent contests, has expressed a decided unwillingness to pull, for the very good reason that he could not do himself nor the Institute justice in his present physical condition, and with the limited amount of time he has from his studies to devote to practice and training. If

we were defeated, we should wish to be defeated on fair grounds, with no cause for complaint of the condition of our representatives as a remembrance afterward. With this fact in view, it does not seem advisable to compete in the tug-of-war. Harvard's recognition of our athletic standing is not to be entirely ignored, however, and we wish the best of success and support to the men who are to represent us in other events. In the high kicking and high jumping, we may reasonably expect victory. A large delegation should attend the games next Saturday and encourage our contestants. The men who represent us should enter under the most favorable conditions to themselves, and should not be discouraged at possible failure, for discouragement surely means defeat.

THE Hare and Hounds run, given under the auspices of the Bicycle Club last Fast Day, proved such a success that the club has decided to give another this year. All the men who ran a year ago are back at the Institute, and these, together with the runners which the Freshmen can undoubtedly enter, ought to give us a close and exciting race.

The course will be between five and seven miles long, and the first hare and first hound in will each receive a prize, probably a silver cup similar to those presented last year. The distance is a fair one, and with a little training even a runner of medium ability stands a good chance of winning.

As many men as possible ought to enter the race and make it the success the liberality of the club deserves.

CASES of swelled head are of infrequent occurrence here at the Tech., so that when an abnormal case appears it cannot be passed by in silence.

Simply because an individual, under the auspices of an association, achieves what he considers a feat worthy of a public demonstra-

tion, let him not undertake to lay down the law to this same association as to what compensation and recognition he shall receive at its hands.

Neither let this lordly-minded dictator choose for himself a private short cut to glory (or disgrace), and challenge competition as representative of his Class or of the Tech. in general, without due authority from, and consideration for, his elders, if not his betters.

This is not a personal attack, but a warning to whom it may concern, that undue enlargement of the head is apt to render the owner of the head ridiculous, and also to repeat the adage, "Pride goeth before a fall."

CERTAIN members of the Institute seem to think it their duty to appropriate for their rooms the posters of the Athletic Club whenever they are put up in the hall of Rogers. Now, the officers of the club have enough to do in managing the affairs of the meeting without having to put up a new poster every day. Besides inconveniencing the officers, such proceedings render the poster, as a means of information, rather a poor medium. It happened in several cases just before the last meeting, that men could not find out where to obtain tickets, and addressed letters to the members of the Executive Committee. In the future if men want posters, let them come to THE TECH office, where the surplus ones are at their service, but let the Rogers posters live until after the meetings.

WHY should not a committee of underclassmen undertake the collection of four or five hundred dollars to be used in presenting the Institute with a life-size portrait of Gen. Francis A. Walker, third President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology?

There is enough love of the institution, we think, to enable the above project to be carried out. Here is a chance for the under classes

to join with representatives from '89 in making a presentation of this kind in the name of the four classes now attending the Tech. The amount mentioned in the above may or may not be enough to cover the expense of such a painting and frame as would be suitable; but that is for the committee to decide. It is too much for a member of the Senior Class to undertake this duty, as his final work here is of confining nature. So let some one in the Class of '90 or '91 put his shoulder to the wheel and carry this idea on to consummation.

ALTHOUGH much has been said of the energetic work done by the Athletic Club, an increase in membership would be much more gratifying to the officials than mere words of praise. The Athletic Club is one of the oldest organizations in the Institute, having been founded in 1879, and after a hard struggle of two or three years, gradually commenced its steady growth in members and popularity. The popularity still grows, but the membership does not. Why is it that here, in an institution of a thousand students, one of its most successful clubs has only a membership of forty? The membership fee is but a dollar and a half. Each member is entitled to free entrance to all the meetings, and has a vote in the annual elections. Many of the students may be ignorant of these facts, or the classes may not have been properly canvassed for members. Whatever the cause of the small membership, it certainly should be speedily removed, for the Athletic Club, of all things, should be a representative institution.

#### PEACE AND LOVE.

At Love scoffed I, who'd never felt his dart,  
And said: "I'll live a life from fancy free:  
No maid shall take possession of my heart;  
Mine Peace shall be.

But when I'd seen her only half an hour,  
So deep in love I fell, to Peace I said:  
"Go, if ye will; I yield to this new power;  
Come, Love, instead!"

—Brunonian.

#### Comorre; or, A French Bluebeard.

QUITE a long while before the Revolution, it is said that Vannes was larger and more beautiful than now, and that in place of Monsieur the Prefet there was a king who was master of everything. Those who have recounted to me the things which I now repeat to you have never told me his name, but it seems that he was a man who feared God, and of whom no one in the country had ever spoken ill. He had been a widower for a long while, and lived happily with his daughter, who passed for the most beautiful creature in the whole world. She was called Triphyna. Those who knew her have asserted that she reached her majority without ever having committed a mortal sin! Thus the king her father would have preferred to lose his horses, chateaux, and all his farms rather than see Triphyna discontented with her life.

However, it happened one day that some ambassadors from Cornovaille were announced. They came from Comorre, a powerful prince of that time, who reigned over the country of the Black Wheat, as Triphyna's father reigned over the country of the White Wheat. After having offered to this last some honey, some thread, and three little pigs, they disclosed to him that their master had gone to the last fair at Vannes disguised as a soldier; that he had seen the young princess, and had fallen so violently in love with her that he was determined to marry her however much it might cost him. This demand made the king and Triphyna very sorrowful, for the Count of Comorre was a giant, who passed for the wickedest man God had created since Cain. Very young he had accustomed himself to find his pleasure in evil, and such was his malice that when he went out of the chateau his mother herself ran to pull the belfry cord, to warn people of their danger. Later, when he had become sole master, his cruelty had only increased. It was recounted that going out one morning he met a little child leading a colt

to pasture, and that he killed him. At other times when he returned from the chase without having taken anything, he untied his dogs and set them upon belated country folk, who were torn in pieces as though they had been wild beasts. But the most horrible thing was that he had successively killed his four wives, who had died in a moment, without having received the last sacraments of the Church, and so suddenly that he was suspected of having killed them with the knife, fire, water, or poison!

The King of Vannes replied then to the ambassadors that his daughter was too young and too delicate in health to change her condition; but the Kernewoods replied brusquely, as was their custom, that the Count of Comorre would not believe in these excuses, and that they were ordered, if they did not bring back the young girl, to declare war against the King of Vannes. He replied that they were their own masters. Then the oldest of the ambassadors lighted a handful of straw, which he threw to the wind, saying that thus would the anger of Comorre pass over the countries of the White Wheat,—after which they all left.

The father of Triphyna, who was a courageous man, was not frightened by such a menace, and he called together all the soldiers that he could find to defend his country. A few days afterward he learned that the Count of Comorre led a powerful army against Vannes. He soon perceived it in effect, as with trumpets and clamor it advanced. He then put himself at the head of his people, and the battle was about to commence, when Saint Veltas went to find Triphyna, who prayed in her oratory. The Saint wore the mantle which had served him as a ship when crossing the sea, and the great walking-stick which he had attached to it in place of a mast. An aureole of flame hovered around his head. He announced to the young princess that the people of Vannes and Cornovaille were about to fall upon each other, and asked her if she wished not to prevent the death of so many Christians in consenting to become the wife of Comorre.

“Alas! it is the death of my happiness and of my peace that God asks,” cried the girl, weeping. “Why am I not a beggar? I could at least wed a beggar of my choice! Alas! if the Master of the Earth wishes me to marry that giant of whom I am afraid, say for me, holy man, the office for the dying, for he will kill me as he has done his other wives.”

But Saint Veltas said to her: “Fear nothing, Triphyna! Behold this ring, white as milk, and which will always warn you; for if Comorre plans anything for your hurt, it will become black as a crow’s wing. Have courage, then, and save the Bretons from death.”

The young princess, reassured by the counsels of Veltas, consented to his demands. The Saint then returned quickly to the two armies, to announce the good news. The King of Vannes was still unwilling to give his consent to the marriage, but Comorre made him so many promises that he finally accepted him for son-in-law.

The espousals were celebrated with rejoicings such as the two bishoprics have never seen since. The first day six thousand guests were entertained, and the next as many poor people, whom the bridal pair, bearing napkins upon their arms, served, notwithstanding their great rank. Finally there were dances, for which all the bell-ringers of Basse-Bretagne had been invited, and wrestling matches, in which the people of Brénlay threw the Kernewoods to the ground. Finally, when the great brass stew-pots were all emptied, and the hogsheads drained to the lees, everyone returned to his country, and Comorre led away the young bride as a hawk carries off a poor dove. During the first months, however, his love for Triphyna made him gentler than one would have supposed possible for a person of his nature. The chateau prisons remained empty, and the forks of justice without food for vultures. The people of the country asked each other, “What has happened to the Count that he no longer loves neither tears

nor blood?" But those who knew him best waited without a word. Triphyna herself, notwithstanding the Count's kindness to her, could not reassure herself, nor feel the slightest pleasure in anything. Every day she went down to the chapel of the chateau to pray upon the tombs of the four women of whom Comorre was the widower, in asking God to preserve her from a cruel death.

There was, about this time, a great assemblage of the Breton princes at Rennes, and Comorre was obliged to go there. He gave to Triphyna all the keys of the chateau, even those of the cellar, told her to amuse herself as she fancied, and departed, followed by his suite. He only returned at the end of five months, and was in great haste to see Triphyna, of whom he had often thought. What was his surprise, on entering her chamber, to find her placing a little bonnet of lace and silver thread upon a charming infant. On seeing this, Comorre grew pale; and when Triphyna held up the child to be kissed he recoiled with horror, and, casting a terrible look upon her, he left the room without a word.

The princess might have thought this to be only one of the Count's many caprices had she not, upon lowering her eyes, seen that her ring had grown black. She gave a frightened cry, for she remembered the words of Saint Veltas, and knew that a great danger menaced her; but she could not divine what it was, nor how to escape from it. The poor woman remained all the day in anguish, and finally descended to the chapel to pray. But behold that, when after telling her beads she rose to leave, the clock struck twelve! At the same instant she saw the four tombs slowly open, and out came the four dead ones all clad in their winding-sheets. Triphyna, half dead, wished to fly, but the phantoms called to her, "Take care, poor lost one; Comorre watches to kill thee!"

"Me!" cried the princess; "and what have I done to him that he wishes my death?"

"Thou hast shown him thy child, and he

knows—thanks to the Evil Spirit—that his firstborn will kill him. This is why he has killed us."

"Lord, can it be that I have fallen into such cruel hands!" cried Triphyna, weeping. "If it is thus, what hope remains to me? What can I do?"

"Go refind thy father in the country of the White Wheat," replied the phantoms.

"How fly?" asked the Countess; "Comorre's giant dog guards the court."

"Give him this poison, which has killed me," answered the first Spirit.

"And how descend the high wall?" asked the young wife.

"Use this cord, which has strangled me," replied the second Spirit.

"But who will direct me in the night?" inquired the Countess.

"This flame, which has burned me," answered the third Spirit.

"And how make so long a voyage?" asked Triphyna, again.

"Take this stick, which has dashed my brains," answered the fourth Spirit.

The wife of Comorre took the stick, the flame, the cord, and the poison, and then she hushed the dog. She descended the high wall, she saw clearly in the night, and she took the road to Vannes, where her father dwelt.

Comorre, who, on awaking the next day, could not find her, sent his page into every chamber to seek her; but the page returned to say that Triphyna was no longer at the chateau. Then the Count of Comorre mounted to the middle tower, and looked the way of the four winds. On the side of the half-night, he saw a crow who cawed; on the side of the rising sun, a swallow who flew; on the side of the noon-day, a gull who hovered; and on the side of the setting sun, a ring-dove who fled away. He cried at once that Triphyna was in that direction, and having ordered his horse to be saddled, he went in her pursuit.

The poor wife was still upon the clearing of the woods which bordered the chateau, but

she was warned of the Count's approach in seeing her ring turn black. Then she rushed into the fields, and arrived at the cabin of a shepherd, where there was nothing save a magpie hung up in his cage. The poor afflicted one remained here a whole day and night, weeping and praying. Finally, the next evening, she retook her route by the footpaths which ran along the fields of flax and barley. Comorre, who had followed the grand road, could not find her, and after having ridden two days, returned the same way till he reached the fields. But there, unfortunately, he entered the shepherd's hut, and heard the magpie trying to imitate the laments of the preceding night, in repeating, "Pauvre Triphyna! pauvre Triphyna!" Thus Comorre knew that the Countess had been in this place. Calling his ferocious dog, he told him to find the track, and then followed him.

During this time, Triphyna, pushed by fear, had kept on walking, and had almost reached Vannes. But there, feeling her strength at an end, she entered a wood, and, her lovely child still in her arms, threw herself upon the grass. As she held him—half happy, half weeping—she perceived a falcon, which wore a golden collar. He was perched upon a neighboring tree, and she recognized her father's falcon, the king of the country from where comes the White Wheat. She quickly called him by his name. The bird descended upon her knees, and she gave him the ring of warning presented by Saint Veltas, saying:—

"Falcon, fly toward my father, and bear him this ring. When he sees it he will understand that I am in danger, and he will order his soldiers to mount to horse, and will come here to save me."

The bird understood, seized the ring, and fled like lightning toward Vannes. But almost at the same instant Comorre appeared upon the road with his fierce dog, who always followed Triphyna's track, and as she no longer had the ring to warn her, she knew nothing until she heard the voice of the tyrant encour-

aging the dog. She only had time to envelop the infant in her mantle and throw him into the hollow of a tree before Comorre appeared, mounted upon his Barbary horse, at the entrance of the clearing. The poor innocent felt her blood grow cold in her veins. In seeing Triphyna the Count gave a cry of a wild beast, and rushing toward the unhappy woman, who had fallen upon her knees, with one blow of his cutlass he severed her head from her body. Feeling now quite content (for he failed to perceive the child), he whistled to his dog and left for Cornovaille.

But the falcon had arrived at the court of the king of Vannes, who was dining with Saint Veltas. He flew toward the table and let fall the silver ring into his master's cup, who no sooner recognized it than he cried:—

"Alas! some misfortune has happened to my daughter, since the falcon brings me her ring! Let them saddle quickly the horses, and let Saint Veltas accompany us, for I fear that we shall soon have need of his aid."

The servants obeyed promptly, and the king set forth with the saint and a numerous escort. Their horses went on the gallop, following the falcon's flight, who conducted them to the clearing of the forest, where they found Triphyna dead, and her child living. The king precipitated himself from his horse with cries which would have brought tears from an oak, but Saint Veltas imposed silence upon him.

"Keep quiet," said he, "and pray God with me; he can still restore all!"

At these words he fell upon his knees with all present, and after having addressed a fervent prayer to heaven, he said to the corpse,—

"Arise!"

The corpse obeyed.

"Take thy head and thy child," added the saint, and follow us to the chateau of Comorre."

The dead one did as she was ordered. Then the frightened troop remounted their horses, and spurred toward Cornovaille. But rapid as was their course, the headless woman

was always in advance, holding upon her left arm her child, and upon the right, her pallid head. Thus they all arrived before the murderer's chateau. Comorre, who had seen them coming, had ordered the port-cullis drawn up. Saint Veltas drew near with the dead one, and cried in a loud voice, "Count de Cornovaille, I bring thee back thy wife in the state which thy wickedness has placed her, and thy child, such as God has given him to thee. Wilt thou receive them under thy roof?"

Comorre kept silence.

Saint Veltas repeated the words a second time, then a third, and as no voice answered him, he took the child from the dead woman's arm and placed him on the ground. Then one saw a marvel which proved the power of God, for the child walked alone freely to the borders of the ditch, took a handful of sand, and throwing it toward the chateau, cried:—

"The Trinity does justice!"

At the same moment the towers shook with a great noise, the walls fell open, and the whole chateau sank down upon itself, burying the Count of Comorre and all those who had assisted him in his crimes. Saint Veltas then replaced the head of Triphyna upon her shoulders, laid his hands upon her, and the holy woman returned to life, to the great contentment of the king of Vannes and of all those who were present.

#### Noticeable Articles.

THAT gossiping weekly paper, the *London World*, contains from week to week a series of articles entitled, "Celebrities at Home," written up by professional "interviewers"; for the trade of interviewing is almost as flourishing in England as in America. The "celebrity" of the current number is the Marquis of Abergavenny, K.G., at Eridge Castle. First comes an elaborate account of the castle itself, situated in its magnificent park of ten thousand acres, and seven miles long, near Tunbridge, on the borders of Kent and Sussex; and very beautiful this great estate must be. "In the wild, uncultivated character of this deer-park lies one of its peculiar charms, with its long, winding

grass-drives cut through the bracken; and it recalls to you the fact that it was a chase before the Conquest, forming a part of Waterdown Forest, and is one of the oldest in England. It is calculated that the grass-drives, roads, and walks measure no fewer than seventy miles in extent." And all for the pleasure of one nobleman! It suggests thoughts as to one of the burning political questions in England at the present day.

The Marquis himself is the representative of one of the few remaining real old noble families of England,—the Nevills. "His first known progenitor was Gilbert de Nevill, or *de Nova Villa*, an admiral of William the Conqueror's fleet,"—that is to say, one of the real old Norman pirates,—"and he is directly descended from Ralph, first Earl of Westmoreland, by his second marriage with Joan, daughter of John of Gaunt, the time honored Lancaster of Shakespeare's Richard II. One of Ralph's children was Cicily, afterward Duchess of York, and mother of Edward IV. From this 'princess of spotless character,' called the 'Rose of Raby' for her beauty, and 'Proud Cis' for her *hauteur*, are descended three Kings of England, four Princes of Wales, four Kings and three Queens of Scotland, two Queens of France, one Queen of Spain, and one Queen of Bohemia"; and "in the family there have been," continues the proud interviewer, "one duke, one marquis, fifteen earls, barons and lords a numberless company, seventeen Knights of the Garter, six Lord High Chancellors, two Archbishops, etc.," the etc. no doubt embracing a great many very insignificant persons. The insignificant, untitled reader is a little overpowered; but it leads to the reflection how much of the interesting detail of English history lies in the story of these noble families, and one would like to see Rowland's "History of the House of Nevill."

Mr. Howard Evans, in that remarkable little book, "Our Old Nobility," in which the history and the land-owning monopoly of the English aristocracy are so unsparingly shown up, is very contemptuous in regard to the Abergavenny branch of the Nevill's, and quotes lines which have the ring of Browning, about

"Partridge breeders of a thousand years,  
Who have mildewed in their thousands, doing nothing."

They certainly have been well rewarded for doing nothing, for the present marquis has a comfortable property of 28,127 acres, lying about in seven differ-

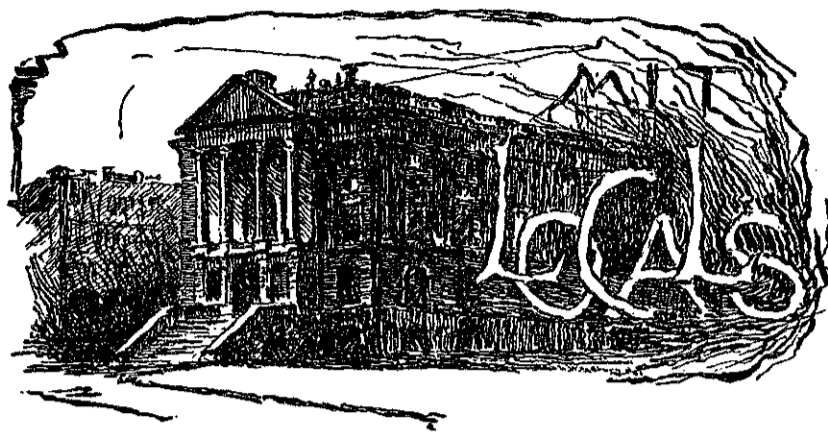
ent counties. This, however, is poverty, when compared with the estates of some of the greater aristocratic landowners. The Duke of Devonshire, for instance, owns 193,322 acres in fourteen counties, seven country seats, including Chatsworth, visited by all tourists, and a house in London. "The Duke of Bedford," said Edmund Burke a century ago, "is the leviathan of all the creatures of the crown. . . . The grants to the House of Bedford were so enormous as not only to outrage economy, but to stagger credibility." The coast estates of this, and of many other great families, grew out of the suppression of the monasteries and the confiscation of church property during the reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI. "Nothing," says Mr. Evans, "can equal the greed of the vulture statesmen who governed England in Edward's name, unless it be the conduct of the gang of swindlers, cutthroats, and harlots who crowded round Napoleon III. during the period of his successful crime." But an end seems to be coming to the system through the working of natural laws; and the economic student can have no more interesting problem than to see how the change is coming about, and what will be its probable effect on the political and social condition of England.

The reader is further informed that the most noble the Marquis is the patron of twenty-four church livings of the annual value of nine thousand pounds, and that he is very impatient when any of his parsons preaches a sermon of more than fifteen minutes' duration; in which feeling any reader who has had experience of such sermons is rather inclined to sympathize. Moreover, we are informed that the noble Marquis is a tall man and a Tory, and that he wears a suit of thick tweed in winter, a light alpaca coat in summer, and a low square-crowned hat, canted over on one side, which is also, doubtless, very interesting information to all untitled English toadies. If we could only get him over here we might possibly have a portrait of him in that low-crowned hat in one of our papers, say along with the portraits of the coachmen of distinguished Boston families which recently appeared.

Want of space prevents us from quoting further from Jeames' account of the noble Marquis.

W. P. A.

All who have not paid TECH subscriptions, will please do so at their earliest convenience.



'90 has appointed a Committee on the Tech. Song.

Second Year Civils have commenced outside field work.

President Walker was too ill to meet his classes last week.

The Athletic Club has a balance of \$434.29 in the treasury.

"Illectricals will procure books," etc. Professor's bulletin in Rogers last week.

Three out of the four men on the Freshman tug-of-war team are Exeter men.

A new "co-op." list is being prepared. Now is the time to join and "jew" your tailor."

Last week Professor Jacques began the fourth-year lectures on Telephony.

There are a great number of co-op. men who would like to see Sawyer on the list.

The fourth-year examination in Precision of Measurements took place Monday, March 11th.

At the recent meeting of the Hammer and Tongs at the Boston Tavern, the Club decided to have a club pipe.

The Third Year Industrial Chemists recently visited Curtis Davis & Co.'s Soap Works at Cambridgeport.

The Freshman Lab. has been supplied with clothes-bags to hold the students chemical vestments,—i. e., overalls.

The Chemical Engineers have only two hours a week assigned by the Tabular View in which to do Quantitative Analysis.

Mentions on sketch problem: Design for a Decorative Column. 1st, Pennell; 2d, Ford, 3d, Boynton and Ripley.

'91 has elected the following Committee on the Senior Dinner: C. F. Hammond, F. C. Coggin, Jr., and W. B. Douglass.

After patiently waiting two weeks, the Second Year Class in Physics met—more than half way—an exam.

Every man ought to give in his name for the Institute Dinner now, and avoid the usual last-day rush.

Why wouldn't the Institute Dinner offer a good opportunity for '89 to present spoons, bottles, "grinds"-tones, etc.?

There is a rumor abroad to the effect that certain Industrial Chemists are spending their spare moments in analyzing hair-restorers.

On the bulletin-board may be seen an announcement of a camera for sale, said camera having a "\$25 Morrison wide-angle Lenz."

Address received by the T. Q.—"The Technology Quarterly, Mass. Inst. of Technology, Boston."

*In the five-minute tug-of-war.—Anchor:* "How's the time?"

*Referee:* "Two minutes and a half."

*Anchor:* "More?"

Monday, March 11th, the Harvard Freshman tug-of-war team pulled a few practice tugs with Tech., '92, at the Exeter Street Gymnasium.

Captain D. A. Lyle, Ordnance Department, who has been stationed in this city so many years, sailed recently for France, upon business connected with the Paris Exposition.

Mr. H. G. Woodward, '88, read an interesting paper on the "Geology of Brighton," before the Boston Society of Natural History, Wednesday, Feb. 27, 1889.

Mr. Eliot Holbrook, '74, Superintendent of Pennsylvania & Lake Erie Railroad, has just completed a series of four lectures on "Railroads" before the Third Year Civils.

Mr. Kean, '89, who is conducting investigations on the lily blight in the Bermudas, writes glowing letters about the climate and life at those beautiful islands.

A scheme is now on foot to publish a volume containing the poetical flights of Tech. men. The book will be illustrated where possible, and it is intended to have a neat and handsome production.

Overheard in the Lab. after hours: *First Professor to Second Professor:* "Has it ever been your misfortune to undertake the disheartening task of teaching what you do not understand yourself?"

*Second Professor:* "No, indeed."

*First Professor:* "Well, that has been my lot in life for many years past, and——" THE TECH reporter was observed, and the story stopped.

Is it not about time that the cuts in last year's "Technique" were sent to their owners? When cuts are lent for publication, they should be promptly returned, to avoid inconvenience to clubs using their cuts for decorative purposes.

The Sophomore architectural designs for a "Niche Containing an Architectural Fragment," were judged by Professor Setang, and mentions awarded in the following order: A. J. Dillon, Seeler, Miller, Meyer, Shedd, Smith, Bird, and Seeming.

In the regular third year competition for the Architects the mentions were awarded as follows: 1st, Ripley; 2d, Ford; 3d, Thomas; 4th, Machado; 5th, Pennell; 6th, Walker; 7th, Miss Hayden. The subject was a design for a bank building.

At the last meeting of the Board of Directors of THE TECH, it was voted that THE TECH bear the expense of sending files of *The*

*Technology Quarterly*, *Technology Architectural Review*, and *THE TECH*, to the College Publications Department of the Paris Exposition.

Two of our Junior Civils have been around the New Building thirty-two times, in a vain attempt to determine how much the building has sunk during the year. It has been suggested that if they did not stop in "The Chapel" upon each round, their results would be very apt to check better.

The latest addition to Tech. societies is one called A. G. K. The society was organized in October, 1888, but its existence has hitherto been kept secret. At a dinner held March 12th, it was decided that the society had attained sufficient strength to warrant its becoming known as one of the literary and social societies of the Institute.

The Board of Editors for next year's "Technique" has been finally elected by the electoral college. It is as follows: H. E. Hathaway, Editor-in-Chief; Assistant Editor-in-Chief, C. M. Cogswell; Business Manager, F. G. Coggin, Jr.; Advertising Agent, S. L. Coles; Societies, W. C. Dart; Athletics, Edw. Cunningham, Jr.; Artistic, E. B. Bird and E. W. Doun, Jr.; Statistics, F. C. Moore, W. B. Douglass.

The following letter was sent to the Senior Class:—

BOSTON, March 12, 1889.

Mr. J. P. B. Fiske, President of the Class of '89:

DEAR SIR,—In consideration of the fact that the Class of '89 is soon to sever its connection with the Institute, the Classes of '90, '91, and '92 seek this opportunity to tender its members a complimentary dinner on such a date as may be convenient.

Respectfully yours,

GARY N. CALKINS, for '90.

F. C. BLANCHARD, for '91.

WM. W. LOCKE, for '92.

A meeting of the Electric Club was held in Room 11 of the New Building last week. Some changes were made in the constitution, after which Le Sueur, '90, Burns, '91, and Bradlee, '91, were elected to membership.

Mr. J. P. Baker, '90, then read a paper on the theoretical and practical workings of the system of electric road in use by the West End Company, and Mr. Morten Carlisle, '90, described the construction of a dynamo machine built by himself during the last summer vacation. The club will have a dinner some time during the spring.

'90's Institute Dinner Committee has found one hundred and twenty men willing to go; the '91 Committee promises about one hundred and fifty; and together with '92, there ought to be at least three hundred and fifty outside of '89 and the Faculty. With such a favorable report there can be no foundation in the ludicrous rumor that only the regulars in '89 will be invited. If this should be done, it would be very much against the popular sentiment of the Institute, and would cut out some of the best men in '89, and also those who have worked the hardest for her. It is not to be considered as a dinner for grinds alone,—hence dry,—but as a remembrance to all, and one not soon to be forgotten.

"Technique," the annual of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, published by the Junior Class, contains no striking features which would materially distinguish it from others of its class. Its statistical pages show intelligent and comprehensive arrangement; typographically it is all that can be desired in these days of high standards for such publications. The sketches are creditable, but not particularly noteworthy. There is a phototype of Prof. William B. Rogers, the founder and first President of the Institute, and one of the late Prof. Charles P. Otis.—*Stevens Indicator*.

This is not as it should be; brace up, '91.

The Athletic Club met Friday, and elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, E. L. Hamilton, '90; Vice-President, J. L. Batchelder, Jr., '90; Secretary, H. M. Waite, '90; Treasurer, S. L. Coles, '91; Executive Committee, Hills, '90, Dart, '91, and Potter, '92.

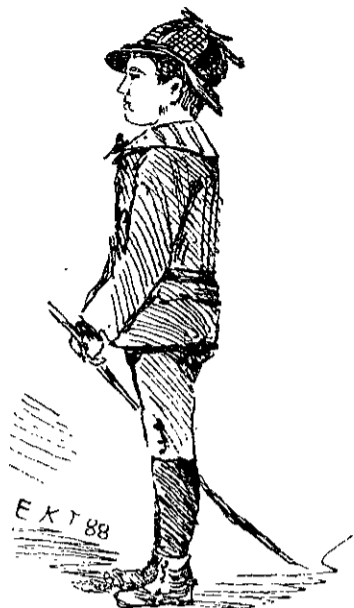


The Lounger had seen that the Faculty got through their weekly meeting all right, and having given some necessary directions in regard to the plans of the new building, he found that for the first time since October he was likely to have an evening to himself. Cheered with this thought he immediately began to make plans for an evening's entertainment. Arriving home he was met by his landlady with her usual weekly poverty-stricken face, and robbed of the last dollar which he owned. Dreams of seeing Mrs. Potter kill herself with a brass asp, or of enjoying a square meal down town somewhere, were dispelled by this unfortunate occurrence, and with nothing better to do he loaded a briar pipe and started on a tour of his friends' rooms. Studious men, loafing men, grinds, Freshmen,—everybody but the co-eds. were visited. And what a variety of holes we Tech. men do crawl into and call them "home," to be sure! Some of them are very good, but the average is far from elegant. And the decorations! Everywhere you see the scanty trimmings, and the antedeluvian pictures of the landlady; and added to them the work of some fair one's hands, and the ingenious, if not æsthetic, contrivances of the student himself. There is always the picture over the mantel with cracked canvas and faded gilt frame, whose borders are crammed full of cigarette pictures, as if the occupant of the room wished to expose to public gaze the amount of money he had wasted in the little paper fool-killers. And it is a very evident truth

that the amount of chumpishness in a man is generally in a direct ratio to the number of these picture cards in his room. Everybody, especially the Freshmen, have some sort of a placard conspicuously nailed up, which holds forth some staring legend to whom it may concern. These affairs are as various in their size and meaning as a P or a C, and generally show unmistakable proof of rightfully belonging to some one besides the present possessors. "We are not responsible for hats or coats unless checked"; "No smoking"; "Ales, wines, liquors, and cigars," and so forth, *ad infinitum*. Then there is the football poster and the in-door-meeting poster, and the photo of the eleven, and the fraternity or society picture, with shingles, fans, caps, and every conceivable sort of thing filling in the cracks between. From room to room went the Lounger, seeing all sorts of fellows doing all sorts of things, and meeting a new brand of tobacco in every place. Finally, lights in the houses burned dimmer, and he went toward his own den with fifty cents more in his pocket, which he had won playing penny-ante poker with a Freshman.

\* \* \* \* \*

Upon the delicate ear of the Lounger, such expressions as "That man is a Tech," most unpleasantly grate. Because a man attends the Institute, is he a "Tech?" And what is a "Tech" anyway? Is there any authority for the use of the name? Most certainly not; as soon would a man be called a "Harvard," a "Yale," because he is a student at either of those colleges. In the singular, the word "Tech" denotes the Institute itself,—a man would be too conceited to live who allowed himself to be called by the name of such a mass of greatness. In the plural, the word is used in its right sense when, at the burst of applause occasioned by the entrance of our football team upon the field, some awe-stricken Williams or Amherst man plucks his neighbor by the sleeve, and whispers, "Here come the Techs!" Again, doubly conceited would he be who would lay claim to such a glorious name. In the strict sense and common meaning of the word, such usage as was in the beginning quoted would be wrong, and for this reason, and for those just given, the Lounger exclaims, "We are not Techs; we are Tech men. Individually distinguished as every man of us is, we have a supereminent sense of modesty and propriety. Call us Tech men."



This is the kid whom all of us meet  
Standing on corners, crossing the street,—  
Comes near getting killed six times a day,  
Running wild in his sweet, childish way.

This is the kid with the sister fair;  
Whenever you call you'll find him there;  
He yanks your hair all out of its curl,  
And then you laugh,—because of the girl.

You call him "cherub,"—smother a yawn,  
And curse your luck until he has gone.  
*Then* the moments pass as light as air  
And all the world seems free from care  
As you bend your head o'er her dark hair,  
Gently murmur soft a nothing rare;  
Her eyes look up,—as much as they dare,—  
Then *his* head appears behind a chair.

This is the kid who improves the chance  
The spice of table talk to enhance  
With some wildly novel, choice remark,  
Whose brilliancy would shine in the dark.

Yes, this is the kid with "whys?" and "hows?"  
And noise and cries, and rackets and rows.  
Oh, would some god the world kindly rid  
Of it's greatest evil known,—the kid!



This is the sage whom all of us know;  
His hair as white as the country's snow,  
His lifeless eyes and his gouty walk,  
And endless flow of counseling talk.

This is the sage who'll tell you the way  
To grasp all knowledge in one short day;  
His large brain would a Lanza appall,—  
The fact of it is, "he knows it all."

This is the sage who gets in the car,  
And takes the seat in the corner far  
Which you had kept for the maiden shy  
Whose upward glance you chance to spy,  
As the entering crowd had drawn her nigh.  
For her sake you rise,—then catch her eye;  
But the old man is easy to satisfy,  
And, filling *both* seats, heaves a chronic sigh.

This is the sage with spectacled nose,  
Bald shining head, and more shiny clothes,  
With his sighs, complaints, his grumps and groans,  
And stiff, rheumaticy, gouty bones.

Yes, this is the sage,—oh, why did fate  
Let him linger in the world so late!  
Poets have sung of a ripe old age,  
But one is far overripe,—the sage!

These two still live, and the world still moves;  
Their victims can't stir it from it's grooves.  
We like it well. It's a pleasant place,  
Though these two evils help mar its face.

Love and charity to fellow-men?  
Respect your neighbor? Well, yes,—but then,  
When powerful men are seen to quail,  
And frightened women, ghastly pale,  
In anguish cry, and to no avail,  
Because these evils live; we then fail  
To see why a strong and healthy jail,  
Without a chance of securing bail,  
Is not a very proper resort  
For the kid, the sage, and all their sort.

M.

## EXCHANGE GLEANINGS.

By the will of the late Edward L. Philbrick, of Brookline, bequests have been made to Harvard and Technology.—*Crimson*.

Phillips Academy, Andover, is to have a new gym.

It is estimated that Cornell brings to Ithaca about \$3,000 per day.

Of the eight men in General Harrison's Cabinet, four are college graduates. Blaine is a graduate of Washington College, Procter of Dartmouth, Miller of Hamilton, and Noble of Yale.—*Yale News*.

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There are nearly 5,000 students in attendance at the various colleges and universities in Boston.

The football men are preparing for next fall by taking daily exercise in the gymnasium under the supervision of Captain Vermilye.—*Williams Weekly*.

The swimming lessons have begun, but, for some unknown reason, we poor mortals who already know how to swim, or those whose imagination pictures summer, the ocean, and a man as instructor (?)—these poor mortals, I say, are not allowed to witness the heroic efforts to keep above water of the novices in the art; but we hear encouraging reports; and no doubt before long there will exist a Lasell Life-Saving Station.—*Lasell Leaves*.

Of the four Scotch Universities, Edinburgh has 3,500 students, Glasgow 2,200, Aberdeen 920, and St. Andrew's 220.

Harvard has offered a cup to the winner of the preparatory school baseball championship.—*Yale News*.



## INCONSTANT.

I  
Sigh,  
When I  
Descry  
Her lissome self,  
Like fairy elf,  
Held in his fond embrace.  
Her laughing, winsome face  
Is close to his, and once or twice  
He kisses her—O, see! that's thrice!  
She once was mine; at least, I tho't she was,  
If kisses meant possession; but because  
She tired of me—'twas but a whim—  
She flew, the dainty witch, to him.  
And now, my heart its net  
Has cast aside; but yet—  
Her lissome self,  
Like fairy elf,  
When I  
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—*Williams Weekly*.

## SOMETHING WANTING.

On the pebbly, billow-washed sea shore  
They were strolling alone on the sand,  
Where the moon on the waves of the ocean  
Made a silvery path from the land.

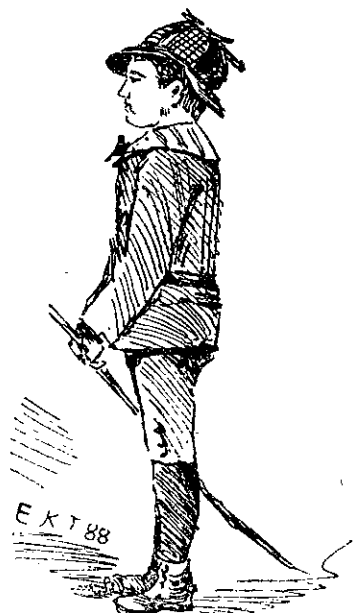
And she heard in the splash of the water,  
As it danced in the moon's silver light,  
One perpetual song,—her heart's echo;  
“Ah me! will he ask me to-night?”

Then gently he spoke, and his accents  
Seemed noble, and tender, and true;  
“Do you love me?” he eagerly asked her;  
And she murmured, “You know that I do.”

Then she cast down her eyes and blushed sweetly  
(Though she gave him her soft hand, ungloved),  
And waited to hear his next question—  
He but murmured, “I like to be loved.”

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“Uncle George,” said Rollo, as he boarded a train for the first time, with bags of doughnuts and peanuts in either hand. “Uncle



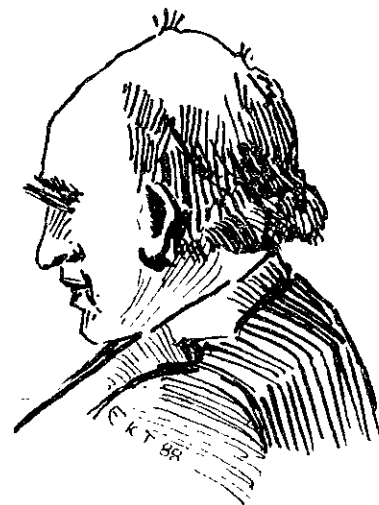
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Standing on corners, crossing the street,—  
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And then you laugh,—because of the girl.

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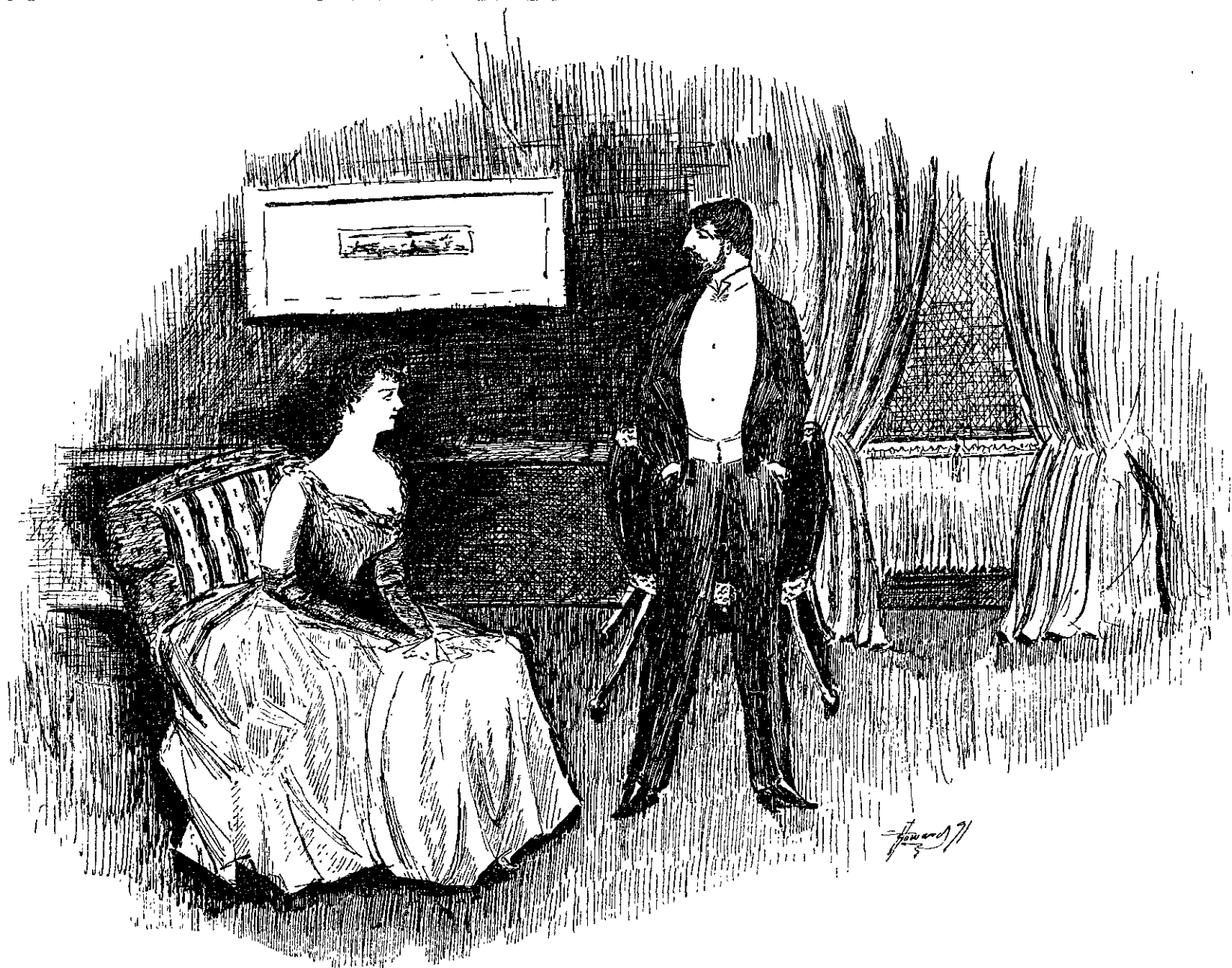
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## FOUNDED ON COLD, HARD FACT.

*Mr. Spaulding Nearsight Blinder, '90 (who mistakes the lady before him for his sister): "Sissy, I'M GOIN HOME,—THIS FUNERAL'S NO GOOD,—GIRLS ARE HOMELY, FLOOR'S BEEN VARNISHED, AND FEED 'UD KILL A HOSS; BLAWSTED BEASTLY BORE! GET YOUR DUDS AND TROT ALONG."*

*(The lady nods her head, and our immaculate Junior doesn't find out for a week that he was talking to his hostess.)*

George, can you tell me what makes the cargo?" "Yes, Rollo," said Mr. George, thoughtfully; "the passengers make the cargo." And then there was a long, cruel silence, and Rollo felt uncomfortable, and wished he was home playing mumblety-peg with Thanny.—*Record.*

## AN OLD STORY.

'Tis the usual rotation:  
I begin with dissipation,  
Then comes expostulation.  
I try an explanation,  
She talks of detestation,  
And resorts to lachrymation;  
Then I promise reformation,  
And we end with osculation.

—*Brunonian.*

## TO A COLLEGE ORGANIST.

He plays upon the college nine;  
He hears the eager crowd  
Applaud his throws and catches fine,  
With cheering long and loud.  
He runs—half mad with joy we meet  
In vehement embrace,  
When once we see his nimble feet  
Have safely touched the base.

Again he plays—but no applause  
Is heard among the throng;  
Both reverence and college laws  
Declare such acting wrong.  
Each quiet in his chapel seat,  
We keep a solemn face,  
And wonder if his nimble feet  
Will safely touch the bass.—*Ex.*

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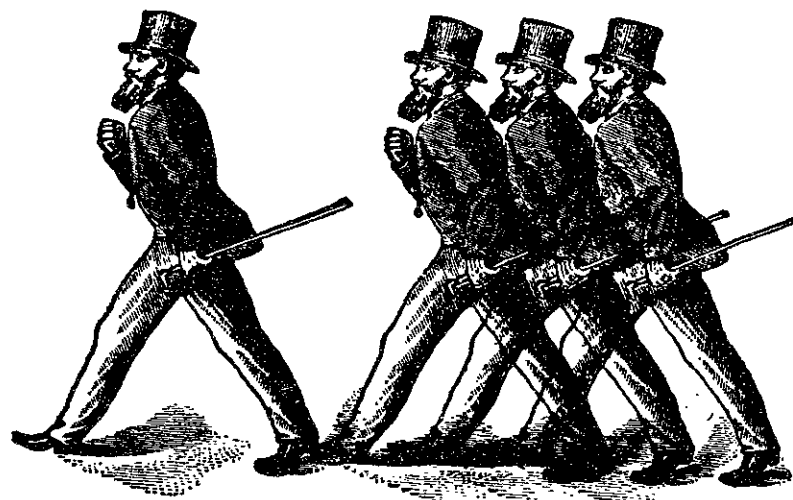
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